

A MODERN OTHELLO.

It is not, perhaps, quite kind to admit the great, cruel, harsh world into the innocent secrets of the Limes (Kingsley Road, Surlbedon), but it is necessary, in the cause of truth, to relate that on this particular evening—the evening that she can never forget—Mrs. Angus Frost was seated in the dining-room mending a vest of Dr. Angus Frost's (clearly not double-stitched in the wearing parts), with a marked postprandial flush on her face, with a somewhat weary looking blouse on her angular figure, and with her feet on a chair—feet that were encased in a pair of shoes that seemed to smile broadly up at her with the comfortable confidence of life friends.

On the floor beside her was a basket full of children's stockings, and a daily paper, which she would not have time to read. Tonight it seemed certain enough that absolute domesticity was assured—the doctor out on a case of coachman's twins, the rain coming down in a sort of hopeless foreverness, the hour close on 5:30 by the black marble clock on the mantelpiece. Nothing seemed more unlikely than a visitor. So she came.

A desperate knock at the front door, a protracted ring, then Jane's voice in the hall, drowned by another, higher and quicker. Then the opening of the dining-room door and the inrush of Lady Mary and cold air.

"Oh! Mrs. Frost!"
"My dear child!"
"Oh, Mrs. Frost, dear, shut the door!"

Mrs. Frost shut the door quickly—greatly disappointing Jane, who had held it ajar for private reasons—and threw the vest (not double-stitched, etc.) behind the cushion of the armchair as she passed.

"What is it? Not illness, I hope." (The hope did credit to her tact.)

"Oh, no! Much worse. I'm wretched!" And, seated childishly on a footstool (an art trifle at eighteen pence), with her silly head in Mrs. Frost's skirt, Lady Mary told of the dreadful quarrel that had just taken place between her and her husband. What about? What was it ever and always about? Jealousy! Nothing but this absurd, senseless, groundless, blind, mad jealousy. Why hadn't she belied her people when they had told her what it would be to marry a foreigner? She had read about them in books, and she hadn't believed them either. But Carlo was wilder than any book ever written. Why, good heavens! he was jealous of the doctor when one was ill. Think of it! One of these comes he would kill her.

She had been positively frightened of him just now, and she had done nothing—nothing—only got a letter from an old friend—well, a man who had been silly enough to propose to her before she had ever dreamed of Italian singing masters and elopements. And, naturally, she had refused to return the letter—and so on and so forth, through endless side issues and fearful irrelevancies to the final entreaty that Mrs. Frost might keep her here—would take her in and be kind to her—as she would never, never, never look at Carlo again as long as she lived, and Mrs. Frost was the best friend she had in beastly old Surlbedon, and been like a mother—she meant a sister—to her when she was ill, etc.

Poor Mrs. Frost was terribly puzzled as to what tactics to adopt. Sympathy, of course, and head strokings, and all that; but to decide between harboring an Earl's daughter for an indefinite period (which would, of course, mean the canceling of the cook's notice to leave, if it meant nothing more), or inducing her to return at once to her husband, was not an easy matter. To her credit be it said that she decided on a flat refusal. Go back to Carlo, then, and there? She would rather die! If Woburn Hall hadn't been at the other end of the map she would have run home to her own people for good and all that minute. But, oh! she was alone. Mrs. Frost couldn't refuse to take her in, if only for one wretched, solitary night, could she? And poor Mrs. Frost finally waived everything excepting her fundamental snubbery and tucked her up in the armchair in front of the fire, while she hurried off to send the stable boy with a diplomatic note to Othello, and to see to the spare room.

She lit the fire there with her own hands while Jane tore down to the kitchen with sheets to air; but, alas, the fire refused to burn up. Volumes of smoke rolled into the room, but very little mounted the chimney. Everything that brown paper and ingenuity could do was done, but in vain. There was nothing for it. Lady Mary must have their room, and she and the doctor must have the spare room for tonight. It would not be necessary to mention all this to Lady Mary.

In half an hour all was ready for her ladyship, who added the last touch to her role of spoiled child by appearing sublimely unconscious of having caused any trouble whatsoever. She sailed into the spurious spare room as if it had belonged to her from time immemorial, and there fell asleep, while Mrs. Frost sank back in the dining-room chair and

awaited the return of the stable boy. "If you please, ma'am, Mr. Devall weren't in, but I left the note," was the message which the youth brought back, and Mrs. Frost felt that nothing more could now be done till the doctor returned.

She would sit up for him, of course, and explain matters as soon as he got in. It might be late. She put in a little more coal, took up her darning again, and allowed her mind to wander. The clock struck ten. It may have struck even more subsequently, but Mrs. Frost heard it not for, with her feet on the chair again, she had fallen fast asleep.

The lamp, seeing that there was no further use for it, went out.

She was awakened by a knock at the front door. But for the glimmer from the fire she would have had trouble to realize her whereabouts, for she had been in the midst of wild dreams.

"Again, of course," was her first thought. "Forgotten his latchkey, silly boy."

She stumbled into the hall to let him in. Only it wasn't he. It was Carlo Devall, his face a study in black and white, his voice trembling in spite of obvious efforts to subdue it to British requirements, and to explain lucidly that he had only just received Mrs. Frost's "kinde notice," as he had been to London, thinking to find his wife at her sister's in Eaton place; that he had hurried home as quickly as possible, and had immediately come on here to thank her and see Mary.

Again Mrs. Frost's tact was strained to its limits. His wife, she assured him, was quite safe, and probably asleep by now, and would doubtless forget this unfortunate little—er—difference, and come home in the morning after the doctor had had a little talk with her. Unfortunately, he had been out all evening—was still out. She was waiting for him.

But the distracted Italian could brook no thought of delay. He must see her now—immediately. Asleep? How could she be asleep with this misery on her mind? He would go up now, this moment, with her kind permission, and speak what was in his mind, and in the morning he would come again and fetch home his wife, and thank the doctor and her for their kindness.

So Mrs. Frost must needs give in. "Only go as quietly as you can, please as Tottie and Mille sleep in the room opposite, and Mille has been so troubled with her teeth lately. Up those stairs and the first door on your left. Yes, I wouldn't wake Mrs. Devall if she is asleep; but do as you think best, of course, and please don't thank me. Here is the candle."

He took the candle, looking blacker and whiter than ever under its suggestive flicker, and went softly up the stairs on tips of his small feet.

He listened for a moment outside the door indicated, then gently, very gently, turned the handle and went in. At the same moment the door of the dressing-room at the other side of the bedroom was opened as gently, and the doctor, who had come in with his latch key, unheard by man or beast, twenty minutes before, and had crept noiselessly upstairs, entered as softly. For a moment he stood there, candle in hand, pink flannel stripes all over him, and the cry of "Burglar!" frozen on his lips.

And then the Italian gave one jungle roar and went for him.

To make Carlo Devall believe anything approaching the truth was no child's play, and took almost as long as it took the doctor to recover the use of his right eye. But he is a shade more occidental now in his treatment of his wife, from a sense, no doubt, of apology, and has lived not only to realize his phenomenal good luck in having kept the basement out of the story, but also to present Mrs. Frost with a splendid stove for the spare room.

Some Suggestions.
The horse needs grooming, not because he is dirty, but because it opens his pores, and gives him a healthy skin. The more the feed and work, the more grooming is necessary.

The unreliable horse is not the one for the farm. It is doubtful if there is a safe place for him anywhere.

If you tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, it is about as hard to get rid of a bad horse as it is to buy goods with a bad penny.

A writer says: "A kind word to a horse is sometimes as good as a feed of oats. The horse is far more intelligent than many suppose; talking to him, caressing him, praising him, little gifts of sugar, apples, and candy, render him safer and more obedient."

Many horses are not treated properly, especially in winter. They are driven rapidly three or four miles, until warm, and then left in the cold, or wet, or rain without cover of any kind.

How to make horses pay for their board and lodging during the winter months is one of the questions for the farmer. Who can answer it?

No man should clip his horse, or permit him to be clipped. Nature knows when it is time to take off the winter coat, and does it gradually.

GEN. LEW WALLACE.

February 15, 1905.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

Nay, Death, thou mightiest of all
Lived conquerors—thou dreadest chief
Thy heavy hand can here but fall
Light as the Autumn leaf.
As vainly too, its weight is laid
Upon the warrior's knightly sword—
Still through the charge and cannonade
It flashes for the Lord.

In forum—as in battlefield—
His voice rang for the truth—the right.
Keyed with the shibboleth that pealed
His soul forth to the fight,
The inspiration of his pen
Glowed as a star, and lit anew
The faces and the hearts of men
Watching the long night through.

A destiny ordained—divine
It seemed to hosts of those who saw
His rise since youth and marked the line
Of his ascent with awe—
From the now-storied little town
That gave him birth and worth, behold,
Unto this day of his renown.
His sword and word of gold.

Serving the Land he loved so well—
Hailed midsea or in foreign port,
Or in strain of interred citadel
Or Oriental Court—
He—honored for his Nation's sake,
And loved and honored for his own—
Hath seen his flag in glory shake
Above the Pagan Throne.
—Collier's for March 4.

RACE TRACK PERILS.

Youth of Country Corrupted and Led to Crime.

Under the caption, "The Delusion of the Race Track," David Graham Phillips, in the Cosmopolitan, lays bare the prevailing conditions as he finds them, and shows how the youth of the country is in constant peril. He tells of the crowds at the tracks, of the "young and youngish men neglecting their work, wasting their small earnings, preparing themselves for that desperate state of mind in which accounts are falsified, bits tapped, pockets picked, and the black-jack of the highwayman wielded."

"But this is not all, not half, not a small fraction, of the scandal and the shame," continues the writer. "The results of each race are telegraphed to poolrooms in every city. There are several hundred of these poolrooms in New York, almost as many in Chicago, scores in such cities as Boston, New Orleans, Cincinnati and San Francisco. And who are the patrons of these places? For the most part the young men on small salaries throughout the country. And each and every one of them is headed straight for disgrace and ruin, and not a few thousands will arrive there. The poolroom—that is, the race track; that is, the jockey club; that is, the few reputable gentlemen who maintain in a vile hypocrisy of respectability the 'royal sport'—is responsible for the most of the downfall among the class of young men on which our future depends."

"The Western Union Telegraph Company a short time ago bowed to public indignation which happened to penetrate to some of its directors of pious repute. But as soon as the storm passed the company resumed its service to these poolrooms, these trapdoors into hell. The profit—about \$5,000,000 a year—was too great a temptation for the company's pious directors. Religion and morality that call for such enormous material sacrifices are far too dear."

"When 'leading light' citizens have palms that thus itch for dirty dollars, among other 'leading light' citizens amuse their leisure by setting snares for the souls of the young. It is not amazing how morality and steadiness and respect for law persist?"

"To sum up
"There is not a horse that is the better for any purpose, but short-spirited sports because of race tracks; there is not a penitentiary anywhere that is not the fuller by from 30 to 70 per cent because of race tracks and poolrooms. There is not a man anywhere who owes or attributes any part of that in him which is honorable or reputable to racing."

"Racing does not improve the breed of the thoroughbred."

"Its whole root is gambling; its whole flower and fruit, crime."

"From the 'gentlemen' perjurers and violators of their oaths of office and of the laws who promote and protect it, down to the bookmakers and poolroom-keepers and touts and tipsters and thieves who live by it, there is only difference in shading of crime. And its baneful influence, its poison, permeates everywhere into office and into home."

"What bloody butcheries of characters and careers to make the race tracks smiling holidays!"

In a well furnished residence near Ascut a lady lives surrounded by all kinds of curious pets.

There are dozens of dogs and cats, and a room is devoted to large rats, which answer their mistress' call and eat out of her hand. In a small tin are a number of mice, who also know the lady's voice and obey her commands.—London Express.

Pat—Do yez ever git dispondint, Mike?

Mike—Only when Oim feelin' "blue." Oi always feel good as long as Oim feelin' foine, be gobol—Puck.

De Style—Gen. Washington threw a dollar across the Potomac.

Funbusts—That's nothing; General Stoessel pitched his tent three miles from Port Arthur.—New York Sun.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

BY DOROTHY DEAKIN.

I found 'er in the hall, sticky with rose-colored paint, and kissed her under the very eye of a large and forbidding housemaid, who was dusting the bottom stair.

"Oh!" Hermia cried, smiling at me, with a fresh and delightful face, "it's you, is it?" implying that she would have given just such another greeting to any stray man who happened to call. "Come into the schoolroom. Walk through the very middle of the door, because I'm painting the jambs. You may have noticed that I'm rather painty."

"You remind me of my errand," I remarked.

"You have heard me speak of Gunhilda?"

"Thousands of times." Hermia's tone grew suddenly cold. "You told me she was married and done for."

"She married two years ago," said I, sadly. "She wants me to take you to lunch with her today."

"She is very kind. Hermia's voice expressed chill indifference. "I thought we might drive over in the pony carriage."

"Gunhilda," said I an hour later, when Hermia, charming in green moiré and an apple-blossom hat, was tucked into the pony cart beside me and I had induced the beast to start, "Gunhilda is a born housewife. Clever as she is, she always liked her cookery and laundry classes better than any of her real studies, and even in her affluent days she made her own gowns. Beautiful clinging garments of liberty silk they were."

We knocked once, twice, three times, then waited. Not until we had decided that we should have to lunch at a confectioner's in the town did the door open. It opened suddenly. A fair young man stood on the threshold and blinked at us silently, with half-shut, light blue eyes.

"Mr. Dosell-Smith?" I asked, with hesitation.

The young man ran tobacco-stained fingers through the rumple of light hair on his forehead.

"I am Dosell-Smith. You want to see me?"

"Gunhilda," I murmured lamely. "Mrs. Dosell-Smith—"

He smiled genially.

"Please come in. Gunhilda will be charmed. I had no idea—she is in her study, I believe. Why not go in and surprise her?"

But Gunhilda met us in the hall. I realized that she was lovelier than ever. She shook hands with me and looked inquiringly at Hermia.

"This," I said, hurriedly, "is Mrs. Dosell-Smith, Hermia—Gunhilda, allow me—Miss Grayrigg."

"Sit down, Miss Grayrigg. If your gown is clean, perhaps you'd better dust the seat first. There's a duster somewhere, I know. I had it to hold the kettle with this morning. Find it, Teddy, there's a good boy."

Teddy couldn't find the duster, but he used his pocket handkerchief and sighed.

"I don't know where anything is," Gunhilda said in a tone of magnificent indifference, which was hardly calculated to raise my hopes. "And I feel rather worried about the baby. I put it somewhere when I heard you knock, and I can't think where. I generally know where it is by the noise it makes, but it seems to be asleep."

The door closed upon Hermia. Gunhilda, after a moment's thought, followed her. Dosell-Smith and I were left alone. He turned to me and spoke in a whimsical voice—half sad, half tender—but wholly tolerant.

"Please forgive us for this. We are a couple of careless children playing at housekeeping. I am afraid we play the game about as badly as it can be played. Gunhilda is too beautiful and too clever to be wasted on this drudgery, but she chose to marry a poor man, and—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

We laid the table. I found a glass dish of butter in one of the pigeonholes of Gunhilda's davenport in close company with an impudent pink sock. The loaf of bread was already on the study table and the half pot of honey and a half dozen of bass were a discovery of Hermia's when she came downstairs with the baby.

He was not a handsome child, I should say, although I am not a judge. He still wore the fellow to the pink sock I had found in Gunhilda's desk, and he went to sleep wherever he happened to be put down.

We left early. I saw by Gunhilda's eye that she was going to ask us to help Teddy wash up, and I dealt at some length on the long and dangerous drive home.

Hermia thanked them for their hospitality, kissed the baby and we walked down to the town in silence.

"She is very lovely," Hermia sighed.

"She is like a princess from the Arabian Nights" or a houri from paradise. She ought to have been called Badroubadour or Peri Banou or Badoura or orgiana. Her eyes—"

"Suppose we talk about something else," said I.

"What a pity," Hermia said, gently, "that she married Mr. Dosell-Smith. She would have made you so happy, George."

"Don't taunt me any more," said I. "It is cruel of you, Hermia. I thought I was fond of Gunhilda once—until I met you. But now I shall thank heaven every day of my life that I met you in time."

"Oh!" Hermia beamed and nestled up to me. "If those are your real sentiments, George—"

"They are," said I, firmly.

"Then I'll tell you something frankly. I don't think much of Gunhilda's way with a cottage, either."

Uses of Lemons.

Gargle a bad sore throat with a strong solution of lemon juice and water.

The juice of half a lemon in a cup of black coffee without any sugar will cure sick headache.

Lemon juice and salt will remove iron rust.

Wash fruit-stained hands in lemon juice to take off the stains.

A strong, unsweetened lemonade taken before breakfast will prevent and cure a bilious attack.

Lemon juice added to milk until it curds and these curds then bound upon parts swollen from rheumatism will bring relief.

Lemon juice mixed very thick with sugar will relieve that tickling cough that is so annoying.

A hot lemonade, taken before going to bed, will cure a cold on the lungs.

A cloth saturated in lemon juice and bound about a cut or wound will stop its bleeding.

Lemon juice added to fruit juices that do not jelly readily, such as cherry, strawberries, etc., will cause them to jelly.

Lemon Extract. Let stand the rind of four grated lemons in half pint of alcohol for about three weeks. Drain off the fluid, bottle and cork and you have finer extract than that which you buy at the stores.

Lemon Iceing. Put half a pound of sugar in a bowl, add grated rind and juice of one lemon and half cup of boiling water. Whip stiff and spread between cake layers.

A slice of lemon added to a glass of tea makes Russian Tea.

Garnish fish, oyster and crab dishes or salads with slices of lemons.

Lemon juice is much nicer for salads than vinegar. This is especially true of fruit salads.

Squeeze the juice of half a lemon in the rinse water after you have shampooed your hair. It will cut all grease.

To keep lemons fresh a long time invert over them a glass dish that fits closely.

For recipes of lemon pies, custards, cookies, cakes, ices, sherbets, candies and candied peel see any good cook book.

Her Value.

J. Stanley Todd, the portrait painter, was talking about feminine beauty.

"All billed men," he said, "are keen students of feminine beauty. Let them be as blind as possible in other things, in this matter of women's looks every woman is mentally judged and her value reckoned by them, the same as wines are judged and valued by the wine expert."

"But men set a value on each woman in their own minds only. They don't blurt out these values as a certain Persian once did at a reception in New York."

"The Persian was of royal blood and his hostess was rather amused then horrified when, as various women were presented to him, he would say:—"

"This lady is easily worth \$10,000. That dark woman would fetch about \$1,000 in the open market. I would give \$500 for the blond young girl in white cheerfully. The one beside her should sell for \$750 anywhere."

"The hostess was so amused that she said to the Persian, with a coquetish laugh:—"

"And what value, sir, would you set on me?"

"The Persian sneered a little.

"I am not acquainted with the small coin of your country," he said.—Salt Lake City Tribune.

Ex-Senator "Billy" Mason, of Illinois, went into a furnishing goods store a day or two ago and asked to see some neckties. "Here are some fine ones," said the clerk, "for 25 cents apiece." "Do I look like a man who would wear a 25-cent necktie?" demanded the ex-senator. "I beg your pardon," the clerk replied. "The 15-cent ones are on the other counter."

"Is your present system of finance strictly honest?" asked the economist.

"I should say so," answered Senator Borgburn. "No financier ever promised me anything that he didn't pay."—Washington Star.

The annual catch of fish in American waters is 1,696,000,000 pounds, which represents a money value of \$47,180,000.

TIME SAVING IN SURGERY.

Life or Death Depends on the Flying Seconds.

Time saving is one of the most important considerations in all surgery. Any major operation lasting more than an hour and a half entails an additional risk; in operations of long duration the chances of recovery are comparatively small. This is due to shock, to the cumulative effect of the anesthetic, to loss of blood, and to lowering of the patient's temperature by the exposure of internal areas to the air. Because of this the best surgeons work with a mechanical precision and economy of movement. Everything is ready before the operation commences; an assistant is at hand to look after the details of actual work, such as holding back the edges of the incision, adjusting the ligatures, etc.; an expert in anaesthesia handles the chloroform and watches the subject's pulse and respiration, in order that the operator's time may be devoted wholly to one point, and a deft nurse, adept in the use of every instrument, needle, and chemical preparation, is at the surgeon's elbow, ready to hand out at a word—sometimes before the word—the shining implements already filed in the order of their probable use.

Two visiting surgeons, at one of the New York hospitals, got a markedly varying percentage of mortality in a common abdominal operation.

"What is the difference between the two operators?" I asked of one of the house staff in attendance.

"About twenty minutes," he said succinctly.

In cases of collapse from chloroform during surgical operations, a sensational method of restoring life—for it amounts to that—has been described by Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia, who stands in the first rank of American practitioners. This consists in opening the chest, inserting the hand and exerting pressure upon the heart from inside while, with the other hand, counter pressure is exerted from the outside. In four cases out of twenty-seven, where the heart had actually ceased to beat, the mechanism responded and the patient returned to life. One of these four cases was successful after the last natural beat had been given two minutes before the artificial pressure began.—McClure's Magazine.

What He Really Wanted.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman was discussing, at her home in Metuchen, the popular fallacy that woman has no sense of humor.

"Woman," said the powerful writer, "has a keen sense of humor, and of this fact I am continually hearing excellent proofs. Often it is a sad and bitter humor. But I do not like it less on that account."

"From a friend in Exeter I heard a good specimen of woman's humor the other day."

"An old bachelor of Exeter had advertised for a maid of all work. A robust woman of middle age answered his advertisement. The bachelor told her that her appearance, her look of strength, pleased him, and then he proceeded to enumerate the duties that would be required of a maid of all work in his house."

"To suit me," he said, "a maid will have to do the cooking, the washing and ironing, the sweeping, the cleaning and the marketing. She will have to tend to the garden. She will have to look after my clothes, pressing my trousers once a week, sewing on buttons, mending my shirts, darning my stockings, and so on. She must pay all the bills, and she must keep an account book to show where the money goes. She must—"

"But the woman of middle age held up her hand to interrupt the old bachelor, and his flow of talk ceased."

"Well," he asked.

"You," said the woman, "don't want a hired girl. You want a wife."

"And with a grim smile—the smile, maybe, of a widow who knew whereof she spoke—she walked away."

Pat—Do yez ever shrldu xzfiffm . .

"But I think you should marry the tall blonde," said the young man with the big cane. "She can arrange her hair beautifully."

"Bother her hair!" exclaimed the practical young man. "I want a girl who can arrange a beefsteak beautifully."—Chicago News.

The homely Miss Mudphens had only one beau.

While pretty Miss Katie had eight; But Miss Mudphens was married last night, as you know,

And Miss Katie—well, she's still Miss Katie!

—Cleveland Leader.

When rolls are to be warmed for breakfast, place them in a paper bag before putting them into the oven, and they will be much nicer.—The House-keeper.

Miss Wearyun—Do you like singing?

Mr. Borum—Yes; I'm completely carried away with it.

Miss Wearyun—Then I will sing.—Chicago News.